

Mexican-American War diary

By: Isis

I was cleaning up my grandma's attic for her birthday, when I came across a dusty box with a sign on it. I got curious and decided to open it, when she showed up out of nowhere "Oh you found it, I forgot where I put that." she said. " Grandma, what's in the box?" I said , " It's just a few things I kept as a memory from when I was younger. " she replied. I had looked at her and the back of the box curiously wanting to open it but I wanted to respect her privacy. " You may open it if you like, I don't mind." she said. She left back downstairs to go get me a snack, I opened the box to find random stuff including: film reel, stuffed animal, walkman and wired headphones. What really caught my attention though was a diary that was filled to the very end with pictures, drawings and many journal entries. I decide to start reading as I wait for grandma to come back with a snack. I start reading from the first page:

It's June 16, 1846 ,

I haven't heard from my boyfriend since the war started. I haven't been too worried but this morning I got a knock on my door from the military. They've been in my house since this morning but haven't told me anything, just that I have to stay in the house and to calm down. How do I calm down when they aren't telling me what happened with my boyfriend? I decided to go upstairs and pack a bag to leave, if they weren;t going to tell me I was going to find out. I pack my things and leave out my bedroom window, it takes them a few minutes as I suspected for them to figure out I was gone but by then I was already out the window and running away. I could hear the military searching for me from a mile away but I ran as far away as I could. The sun's finally down so I decided to pull out my sleeping bag and place it on the floor, I think I've run at least 9 miles but I'm not sure I walked for an eternity.

"I'm back....oh you found it." She was surprised. " I'm sorry grandma, I just saw it and thought-" she cut me off, " no it's fine that diary just brings back memories."

" I didn't know you had a boyfriend, grandma." I said. "Oh yea we actually got married but you'll read about it soon." she said with a smile. " Why didn't you remarry grandma?" I asked.

"Well for one I'm pretty old and two is kind of difficult to explain." She said, " How so?" I asked.

"Well some people may disagree but when you love someone it's like you just can't find anyone like them , sure I could've remarried but I know that I would've just been looking for him in everyone else, In my opinion if you find someone else that you love your first love was never really your first

Mexican-American War diary

By: Isis

love.” she said. My grandma and I have never had a close relationship but I guess it’s because I never got to know her and now I just want to know everything.

“Well I’ll leave you alone now but if you have any questions just ask me.” she said with a sweet smile. I get back to reading and start at:

June 19, 1846

It’s been three days since I left and I’m halfway to Mexico. I still have no clue how to find him or what to do. My food supply is still good and I still have enough water to last me until I get to Mexico. I have decided to stay in this little cave I found for tonight. It’s spacious enough and I don’t think anyone will find me here. Not talking to people though it starts to set in my mind and the only thing that hasn’t made me lose my mind just yet is this journal I have to write in. I’ve heard that the war is really bad in Mexico though so I may have to restock my supply before making it over there. Right now I’m in Mexico city and I might be able to make it to Mexico in like the next 4 days if I don’t make detours every now and then.

June 21, 1846

I’ve finally made it to Mexico by sneaking onto a boat. I’m surprised I haven’t been caught, as what I can see I’m pretty sure I’m at the Sacramento river but I may have caught myself in a problem. I can’t get out of this boat without any soldiers noticing me. If I swim underwater just for a little bit I might be able to go unnoticed but I’m not totally sure, especially because my bag might get wet. I can barely make out what they are saying but what I’m guessing is a boat is coming so I might be able to get on that boat if I just pick the exact timing right.

June 22, 1846

I somehow managed to get on the boat luckily I’m on the bottom floor hiding under a bunch of supplies. They had a bunch of canned food so I decided to take a few cans till I found more supplies. They stopped for some reason but I’m not sure why, I don’t even know where I am right now. I’m trying to look out the window but it’s too high up. I can feel the boat moving and I’m

Mexican-American War diary

By: Isis

pretty sure they're shooting cannons at other boats right now, there's nothing to cover me with so I'm just making a little fort with as many soft objects I can find just in case of something.

June 25, 1846

I know I haven't written in a while but so much has happened . After one of the boats sank our boat started moving. I needed to get to western Texas since that's where the American soldiers were exactly. I knew this boat wasn't going to take me that far since it was only for supplies really but it would get me far enough to Guadalupe Hidalgo which is the treaty line. The only thing was the minute I got out of the boat I tripped and broke my leg. Luckily in my bag I had an advanced med kit which had everything I needed to at least fix it so I could walk. What I did end up using though was a splint so it kept my leg stable but it was still weak. Then after that since I couldn't walk as fast or run either so today I had barely got to Texas. I decided to hide in the woods for now just till my leg healed a bit more.

June 26, 1846

I hear something in the woods but I can't tell exactly what it is. It's only been a day since I wrote in this journal but already I could hear the bombs and shooting knowing it was still miles away from me. So either a bear or some sort of wild animal is out here or the soldiers are expanding territory. I'll keep you updated later for now. I might just look for a hiding space.

June 28, 1846

I've been found by the American soldiers even though that is still bad it's better than Mexican soldiers by then I probably would've been practically dead. Not the point there trying to send me back to where I was before but they don't know where that is exactly just yet. They have taken my bag and only let me keep this journal and a pencil. I'm not going to tell them where I live. I can't get sent back just yet I need to find my boyfriend I might just try to escape. They have helped me with my broken leg luckily so I might just be able to run soon.

Mexican-American War diary

By: Isis

July 4, 1846

I made it out somehow and I'm pretty sure I'm near my boyfriend. Earlier while running I saw someone really familiar, that I'm sure was in the photo my boyfriend had shown me, with his unit. I was running as fast as I could, which wasn't that fast until I finally had found him in the medical center.

July 12, 1846

I've finally given up and told them where I live. When I had finally found him he was practically going to die and half of his face had 2nd degree burns, his left arm and leg had stitches. When he saw me, he was happy as I saw and had told me to leave. It wasn't safe but for me all I wanted was to be there for him. Finally he had got me to stop panicking about him by asking me to marry him. He had told me he had not much time to live either way so basically his dying wish was to marry me. I said yes as he put the ring on me and a few mins later died. Ever since I've not been myself I haven't talked to anyone but finally I had come to terms with the loss of my husband and decided to go home. I just wish I could have told him I was pregnant.

February 3, 1847

It's 9:50 am and I just had my baby last night. She was born at 11:11 pm, I named her eloise. She was born the same year the war ended. I've finally got over the death of my husband but I don't think I will get over him. I have two jobs right now and am working as hard as possible just to keep my daughter safe.

I don't even know what to think right now. I ran as fast as possible to my grandma and the minute I saw her I practically almost yelled "you were in the war?"

"Well I wouldn't say I was in the war more like I experienced it." she laughed a little.

"All for a guy, grandma you have to tell me everything and my mom was born the day the war ended that's even more crazy. I have so many questions like "why did you do it?"

"Calm down a little, it's not that crazy I will say though that is probably one of the greatest stories of my life."

As my grandma explained to me in detail everything that happened I realized more how entertaining my grandma is and how all this time I could've been hearing stories like these but never wanted to get closer to her but now I did.

Mexican-American War diary

By: Isis

“ Life after that war was a little bit easier at least when it came to surviving, experiencing the war honestly helped a lot to get prepared for anything especially when it came to your mother. After the war not much happened but I will say I did make a few soldiers mad for not cooperating as they would put it. “

RINGG

The doorbell rang and I knew it was my mom. As I said goodbye to my grandma I told her I would come by again this week to hear more. I could tell she was happy by the smile on her face.